FROM A SOLDIER'S HEART

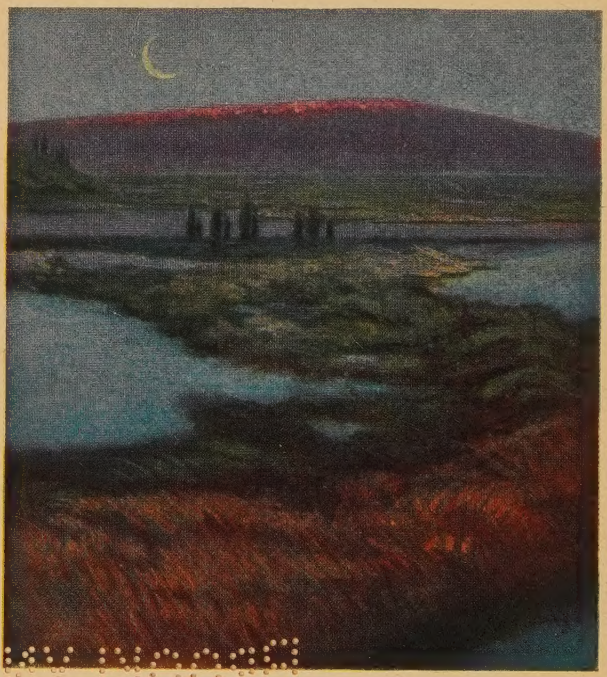
by

HAROLD SPEAKMAN

BROOKLYN
PUBLIC LIBRARY

Form B 50M. 7-19 J. & Co.

BROOKLYN
PUBLIC LIBRARY



Twilight on the Piave

FROM A SOLDIER'S HEART

BY

HAROLD SPEAKMAN

FIRST LIEUTENANT OF INFANTRY
332nd REGIMENT
U. S. A.

DRAWINGS BY
THE AUTHOR

BROOKLYN
PUBLIC LIBRARY

M1583789

THE ABINGDON PRESS
NEW YORK CINCINNATI

1V
940.9
S7412

Copyright, 1919 by
HAROLD SPEAKMAN

BROOKLYN
PUBLIC LIBRARY

TO THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, FOOT-WEARY
SECOND BATTALION OF THE AMERICAN
REGIMENT THAT WENT TO ITALY

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 7

I. ENGLAND AND FRANCE 9
On Receiving a Letter.

II. ITALY 43
Dawn.
"The Poet's Bread."
Christ in the Trenches.

III. THE OFFENSIVE 69
To a Dead Companion.

IV. THE BALKANS 87
On Finding an Iron Cross from Macedonia.

V. TO YOU 109

VI. REVOLUTION 115

VII. MONTENEGRO 133

VIII. RECALL 149

ILLUSTRATIONS

TWILIGHT ON THE PIAVE ..... *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

THE CRUMBLING MELLOWNESS OF OLD WALLS .. 46

TOWNS LIKE QUAINT STAGE SETTINGS 94

STORM ON MOUNT LOVTCHEN 118

THE TRANSPORT SAILED AWAY 156

INTRODUCTION

I remember walking up and down my room nearly all of that night. Even to the last, one kept thinking that perhaps it might be arranged without war. Everything seemed hushed and asleep, and yet I knew that throughout the length and breadth of the land thousands were keeping vigil, were fighting the thing out for themselves, and in some strange way I felt quite cheered and comforted by their companionship.

When morning came I looked about the familiar room, at the place where I had worked—at my books—and I remember feeling a distinct sense of bewilderment that these things which had meant so much no longer seemed to be an intimate part of me. Indeed, during the hours of the night, almost

without knowing it, I had crossed my own small Rubicon.

This, I am sure, was a very common experience. Everyone felt in a more or less similar way, a gradual awakening to what may be called the spirit of serving. Of course, even at that never-to-be forgotten time, one's inner life was one's own to share only as much as one wished; but during those splendid days we wanted to share everything with each other! We all wanted so truly and sincerely to give!

It is a grateful thing to know that you who read these pages (written mostly in France and Italy and the Balkans) will so well understand their moods. And it is pleasant to feel that because we have all served together, each in his own way, this book may gently make for me an occasional unknown friend.

I

ENGLAND AND FRANCE

I

ENGLAND AND FRANCE

1

THE greatly-to-be-desired event has happened! It may not be of much interest to anyone else. The order only reads that a lieutenant has been permanently assigned to a regiment. From a military standpoint that is certainly not an important matter, but when one has traveled around for a long time in a sort of unattached, nebulous state, even to be assigned to a regiment where one is a stranger, seems almost like going home. The Company Commander has given me the Third Platoon. At Retreat to-night I walked down the line looking it over very carefully—and getting looked over very carefully myself! The men, sturdy and broad-chested, are most of them the grandsons of pioneers who pushed forward into

the "Indian Country" not so very many years ago when all this middle country was "Indian Country." There is a sprinkling of Italians and Poles—perhaps four or five out of the fifty-eight men in the platoon—and, by the kindly shade of Gunga Din, I have a Mulvaney! Right in front rank of the First Squad! That should be a good omen for the platoon; the only regret is that no one who hears about it will believe it!

But there is not very much time for levity. We are preparing to move. If shrapnel flew about like rumors, I know of one regiment that would never get to France. I have just heard one soldier very confidentially tell another that there is nothing in all this "French business" and that we are going to the Klondike to do guard duty! At any rate, we are going somewhere, for the billeting officers are all packed ready to go out ahead of us, and equipment has been issued and checked and rechecked until the platoon leaders are beginning to think only in terms of "tent-poles, cans bacon, and Olive Drab

shirts." Last night we called on the General to receive his final instructions. As we stood waiting at the old Camp Headquarters, each one busy with his own thoughts, there came drifting to us from far across the parade ground the music of that song which seems to say so many things for us—things that no man can say—

> "There's a long, long trail goes winding
> Into the land of my dreams . . ."

Indeed, that moment seemed to mark the beginning of our own quest. And I think it will be the finest adventure that we have ever known.

The General received us. He too knows the task that is before us. It is a far cry from civil life in this peaceful farm country to the front for our men who have been soldiers so short a time. But it will be done! There is one tremendous advantage that we have over the enemy. In his own country I have seen his troops trained month after month into mechanical, unthinking war-tools

—and nothing more. But the American soldier uses his head. If an explanation is good, he grasps and holds the vital points in a remarkable manner—and then uses them. There is another reason why we will whip Germany. The German officers push their troops forward into battle *in front* of them. The American soldier follows of his own will where his leader goes. And so we attain a far greater discipline than that of despotism —we attain such a discipline as sends a man's soul along with his body into battle. That is true discipline.

2

I have been writing on the car, for this morning we entrained for the port of embarkation. The whole country seems to be aflame with a kindly and generous enthusiasm. Men, women and children drop their work and come running to where they can see and be seen, shouting and waving their "good-by" with a spontaneity which perhaps they have never before known. It is as

though we were being carried across the continent on a mighty stream of prayer.

We have just passed a little unpainted house close to the side of the track. As the train approached, a large, motherly-looking woman came out, and I think she had a trowel or some other garden implement in her hand. She looked for a moment at those cars loaded with soldiers, and then, dropping whatever she had in her hand, she threw her arms wide, wide to us—to every one of us—and stood there transfigured and beautiful, with tears shining on her cheeks, until the train had passed. Raphael never painted a face like that! I saw the soldiers look for a minute and then turn away quickly. My own throat ached too. I admit it, gladly.

I have watched carefully from my car window, and I have yet to see anyone who is self-conscious, who shows the restraint of the shabby dress or the lowly cottage, or the uneasy awkwardness of toil-worn hands. It is genuine, this emotion, and true and fine. Many have given of their own kin, their own

happiness. In forgetting themselves they have found themselves, and their faces are illumined by the beauty of their giving.

3

This morning we steamed down the river and out past the tall, sentinel buildings of the city—the city so many have toiled in and striven in—the city that has taught what patience means, and the joy of work. From a small porthole in the stern (for no one was allowed on deck) I saw the glistening buildings grow smaller and smaller, and the great, familiar Genius of the harbor become grayer and grayer, and the land fade away under the rim of the sea.

Strange feelings! But over all, a sense of content. A sense of work begun.

4

To anyone who has seen the Aquitania in other more peaceful times, she would be only recognizable by her size and the number of her funnels. Outside upon the hull and

rigging is an amazing, broad camouflage, painted with a largeness of design worthy of the ancient Norsemen. The "Georgian Lounge" and the "Garden Lounge" of gayer days are marked only by small brass signs which remain as mortuary tablets to the memory of those agreeable spots. But in their place is another luxury—the very great luxury of many great guns, painted like brightly colored lizards, which sluggishly but persistently train themselves on every passing ship until it is no longer visible.

Within, the ship has been completely dismantled. In the great dining saloon, where the onyx pillars are covered half-way up with white oilcloth, are rows upon rows of wooden tables and benches, filled at mess-time with a horde of closely cropped lads in Olive Drab, each of whom performs so thoroughly and capably on his aluminum mess-kit, that the painted goddess on the ceiling must wonder —although she is too well-bred to comment audibly and too negligee to wish to attract attention—just what it is all about. But

perhaps she does know what it is about, in which case she will only continue to smile, for she realizes that "messing" is more efficient from several angles of economy than "dining," and that when these same lads get home again it won't require anything more than the presence of a woman at the table to cause a complete regeneration from any little eccentricities they may have fallen into, such as spearing stew from the next table or stirring coffee with a fork. At mess on a troopship one becomes ingenious because one has to. It is a survival of the fastest.

The company is very exclusively quartered in the ship's glory hole. Why it is called the glory hole I haven't been able to find out, but it is generally conceded in the company that "there is more hole to it than glory." It is located in the extreme stern and extends downward, deck after deck for seven decks into the ship. Some of the company sleep five decks deep, some six, and some seven. The glory hole is divided from the rest of the ship by partitions, and on the most-traveled

deck also by a storeroom containing vegetables. Men from the other companies pop their noses into the storeroom, sniff the air, find it uninteresting, and retire. So the company, left to its own devices, has been able to scrub and shine and scour the glory hole until, according to the inspecting officer, it is the show place of the ship. The General himself made the inspection this morning. As he left the glory hole, he said nothing at all, which in the Army means "Very good indeed," as anyone who knows will tell you.

We are headed toward the Irish Sea. Obeying orders, everyone on board sleeps in his clothes with a life-belt ready at his side, for this is the zone of greatest danger. There is a sting of salt spray in the wind, and there are white clouds flying, and the deep blue of the sea is flecked with white foaming waves whose crisp edges and planes sparkle in the sunlight. Until to-day, the Aquitania has traveled by herself, relying on her speed to get away in case of attack, but now there are destroyers plowing along in giant zig-zags

beside us or roaring across our path in sudden bursts of speed and curiosity. I have been talking to the third engineer officer.

"Your men are the rummest lot we've carried," he said. "I believe they're *disappointed* because we haven't sighted a submarine!"

5

England has never been more beautiful. Even the English people we have talked to tell us that. Spring is abroad in the land, carrying a deep fragrance of apple blossom and lilac and cherry. Southeast of Birmingham the country becomes a vast garden. Near the cities and towns lie acres and acres of small garden plots, each with its little toolshed into which the belated city gardener may squeeze for the night if darkness or a storm overtakes him. During all the long journey through Stafford and Warwickshire and Oxford the eye is gladdened by cosy, brown-gabled cottages half-hidden between flowering hedges, and by distant, mediæval

battlements marching abreast of one down sudden vistas of stately trees. Like all other troop trains, ours is forced to wait at an occasional switch, and then the wind, catching up with us, brings from the fields the joyous, indescribable scent of growing things.

They sit looking out of their car windows —these usually boisterous American soldiers —almost without a word. One can see that they admire the beauty of the country. (Indeed, after a war voyage, who wouldn't admit interest in almost anything with a solid base?) But there is something more than that—something quite intangible, yet surely there. What is it? A greater appreciation? A striving after some lost solution? Vague new stirrings? I must admit that I, for one, do not know.

6

Our train came into Southampton about midnight. There were no lights, of course, on account of air raiders. Detraining both sections took perhaps an hour. The camp

was two miles away. Getting there took another hour. Then there were blankets to be drawn from the quartermaster—half an hour more.

At 5 A. M. we rose creakily from our floors and prepared to march back to Southampton to take the Channel boat. As we passed the camp gate a good-natured, hearty laugh broke out and ran down the column. Those stumbling along in the rear remarked a little peevishly that they "didn't see anything to laugh at like a lot of giggling schoolgirls," but as they passed the gate they threw back their heads and laughed too. Just over the entrance was a large sign painted in crisp, black capitals. It said:

REST CAMP.

7

We have come to a little village in the Department of the Upper Marne which is to be our temporary home. Our billets—the houses and barns we are to live in—have been located. The packs are off and everyone is

resting from the last lap of the journey, a ride of thirty hours in little freight cars marked "Forty men or eight horses," followed by a final fifteen-mile march before breakfast to the village.

It is a typical little French village with its quaint houses clustering around the church; its stone washing-place; its two or three narrow streets winding up a steep hill; its old dwellings with crumbling plaster walls, moss-covered tiles, and weathered, blue-green shutters (ever so tightly closed at night); and its children and ducks and chickens continually in and out over the worn door-sills. At first there seems to be little change in the French village of to-day from rural France before the war. The men are gone—seventy-five out of our little village of four hundred and fifty souls—but even in other days the men were not particularly in evidence, being in the fields or away about their own business.

But when one orders an omelette—for there is no meat—at the little café, one finds

that even bread is "rationé," that only a small portion is issued to each inhabitant, so that eating it makes one feel sort of guilty and ashamed at every mouthful. And when the coffee is brought in, madame comes with a little bowl which holds a few pitiful lumps of sugar, and says, bravely, "See, monsieur—sugar!"

It is plain to see that France has only one occupation—France is at war.

Even back here, fifty miles from the front, there are many things to be done. When one sees how most French villagers live, with their barnyard sweepings at their front window and their perennial litter and rubbish lying about, it is hardly to be wondered at that the trenches are not models of sanitation. This morning we gave the Little Village a shock. At seven o'clock there was a heavy and determined attack by six hundred American soldiers with the sole purpose of cleaning up the billets and the village in general. Moldy refuse and rubbish were seized and carried far off. Tin cans of the

ages were captured and deported. Sanitation fought and won in places where its name had never before been heard.

The good people watched us a little doubtfully at first, but finally they understood. *Alors!* Their Little Village was being made beautiful by the *soldats Américains!* Brooms, pails, pitchforks, and wheelbarrows trooped instantly to our aid, and by the middle of the afternoon, the Little Village became quite inhabitable, even to the critical eye of the Major.

One old lady whose dooryard was knee-deep in debris explained to me rather apologetically that "her little grandson *did* throw things about so!" But I am afraid that it is not a question of grandsons. It is rather a question of grandfathers. Indeed, it seems to be a matter that dates back even to the feudal time when serfs lived quite contentedly with the other domestic animals, and even knights forgot to dust off their plumes more than once or twice a season. As for me, if the truth must be told, I rather

favor a little dirt. It is usually so picturesque. I know of one village that has been more disfigured by "ruthless sanitation" than it would be by ruthless bombardment!

The battalion commander has appointed me town major, familiarly known as the "T. M." Every town where American troops are billeted has a T. M. He must, it seems, combine the best qualities of a policeman, an ambassador and a nursemaid. He must also be a hotel clerk, as just repayment to the townspeople for the daily use of their houses and barns rests with him. Fortunately for all concerned, the T. M. is allowed two assistants, and, thanks to that, the citizens of the Little Village have a much better chance of receiving their correct payments at the end of the month than if the T. M. himself made the calculations. The T. M. feels great limitations as a hotel clerk, and besides he keeps thinking about the Third Platoon drilling up the hill there, and wondering if they are going into the new, two-wave attack formation correctly.

I have written a bulletin in my best French —an astonishing product—and have taken it to mademoiselle, the daughter of the first councilor of the Little Village, asking her to put it into "regular" French. There were a few embarrassing moments when I couldn't make quite clear to her that it was not an ultimatum to the inhabitants demanding their courtesy toward the Americans, but finally, with the help of madame and mademoiselle and the councilor himself, the thing was accomplished, and the bulletin has been posted on the public way. It reads:

The Commandant of the American troops billeted in this place desires the inhabitants to remember the stay of this battalion with the most agreeable and kindly of memories. It is necessary that the American soldiers conduct themselves at all times with great courtesy and respond by their good conduct to the generous disposition of the French people. But should anything arise which one of the inhabitants does not understand, he is invited to leave his name at the battalion headquarters. Then the matter will at once be arranged in the best way for all concerned.

This, I believe, will assure the people of our true wish to help and cooperate with them. They will find that we mean it—indeed, that is why we are here.

There has been a review for the mayor. It was a gala occasion. The band of the regiment came up from its own village and played a smashing American march as the battalion passed in review. The mayor, wearing the tricolored band of office about his shoulders, stood in the shadow of the old church and saluted with all the pride of France as the platoons passed by in the sunlight. After the review the troops were formed in the court between the church and the fountain, and the mayor, surrounded by our soldiers and his own people, addressed the battalion in a simple and affectionate manner.

"Be you welcome among us, soldiers of America," he said. "Though our commune is small it is part of our dear France, and it is in her name that we give you welcome. You have abandoned the sweetness of your fire-

sides, and the inhabitants of our little village will know how, by their welcome, to make that separation easier. Though our language may differ, we are from now on brothers in blood, bound together to fight to a complete victory. Your arrival, messieurs, is, indeed, the dawn of victory for us. You may rest convinced that after this terrible trial our children need no longer feel the dread of impending war, and the people of all the world, free at last from the crushing burden of armies, will rejoice in a lasting era of happiness."

8

The company devotes much of its spare time to writing letters. There may be as many as fifty or sixty a day in each of the four platoons, all of which must be censored before being sent on to battalion headquarters. No soldier (and there is a set of iron-clad rules which includes everyone) shall send any information which might be of value if it fell into the hands of enemy

agents. Sometimes it is not easy to cross out a word or phrase carrying so much of interest, but then comes the thought, "What if this information and your neglect should cost human lives?" And that is its own answer. It is not an ungracious task, for, in the first place, one is glad that the letters are being written, and in the second place, a single line in a man's letter may bring a better understanding of him than days of study. Perhaps there is a little fellow in a platoon, not quite up to the rest in brawn. One knows better what stuff he is made of when he writes: "I hope this finds you well and happy. Tell them not to worry about me, for I am a pretty tough bird and can stand anything."

Some one, never suspected of a sense of humor, may say: "We are billeted in a small French village. It reminds me quite a lot of Momus Center, N. J., where the people seem to be clean only when they are young."

Another may say, "They have very nice countries over here, but we are all for the

only real country, and that is the country we are fighting for."

Or, "Mother, the next time you dream that I have come walking in the way I used to, why, perhaps it will be *me!*"

Only the outgoing mail is censored. The letters that a soldier receives arrive (when they do arrive) just the way they were sent. And, after all, they are the really important letters.

On Receiving a Letter

You called me "Dearest"—and the page I read
Blurred with a sudden baffling mistiness—
Almost I felt your sweetly-grave caress
Touching my cheek: almost that sacred thrill
When your white fingers nestling on my lips
Silenced the unworthy creed I half had said—
Thinking you wished it—while with eyes that plead
You bade me go down to the great, gray ships.

How silently we stood! How very still—
And then at last you smiled, and raised your head
And called me "Dearest." And then we kissed.

What wonder that the silent page I read
Blurred for a mighty heart-beat—as with mist!

Haute Marne, June, 1918

9

The days pass quickly in the Little Village. They are filled with unceasing work and the greatest content that I have ever known. Almost for the first time in my life, I feel that I am of use—that I am really fulfilling a necessary task. The people are beginning to come to us when they need assistance. We hoped they would do that, because we are here to help them if we can, not only on the front, but in the billets too. In the night a woman comes to us because her aged sister is sick. With what willingness we get up to find our

American doctor! There is a great pleasure even in simple things like having drains repaired and beautifying the streets. Everything must be kept scrupulously clean—and yet I am afraid that I still remember the old days enough to think about the quaintness of the Little Village too.

Improving the appearance of the place would be a considerably more difficult task if it were not for Corwin. Corwin is a private in one of the companies billeted up the hill just back of the church. He is a likable fellow with a broad, joyful smile and blue eyes which look as though he had never done a wrong in his life—except for a wicked twinkle which might modify the "never" to "hardly ever." It seems that Corwin had made friends with a little English-speaking poilu, back to the village on leave, and that in an excess of courtesy, they had toasted each other in *vin ordinaire* to the point where both gravely agreed that some slight token should be given to show their regard for France.

Sallying forth, they found a large, simple-looking horse grazing by the side of the road. With some difficulty, Corwin clambered up this gentle but astonished creature, hauled the delighted poilu up behind, and by dint of shoe-leather and a little stick, galloped madly down the village street shouting, "Vive la France! Vive la France!" This to the discredit of the military service and the quiet enjoyment of the Little Village. It came to the ears of Corwin's captain, the result being that he is now constrained to work about the streets for three weeks. He shows such aptitude and interest that I have put him in charge of all the work about the village. But he is not only in charge—he works himself, tremendously.

The story of his ride seems to have gotten about among the good citizens, for you can see the old grandmothers look up from their knitting and smile a little as he passes on one errand or another. One can see that they like a bit of a dash about a man.

I came on Corwin the other day toiling in

the sun with a great stone which he was sinking at a house-corner to protect the plaster from passing trucks.

"Don't you need another man to help you with that job?" I asked.

"No, sir," he said. "I like it. I'd rather do three weeks of this than three hours of regular drill!"

That is very bad from a standpoint of discipline—but I haven't told his captain!

Yesterday, I gathered together such an equipage as the Little Village boasts and visited Chaumont, the headquarters city of the American forces in France. There were some roof-tiles of glass to be bought and a few other articles which had been broken by our soldiers and which could not be replaced at home.

The horse was Jeanette, owned by the knife-maker at the top of the hill. I am convinced that she is the same creature on which Corwin took his wild ride.

Jeanette is a large, comfortable-looking animal, somewhat moth-eaten, and about the

color of an old army blanket. She has astonishing poise—and no temperament at all. I feel that Jeanette must assuredly be a great-aunt, because she has all the characteristics which the word "great-aunt" brings to one's mind. She is kindly, and is armed with an unswerving purpose, and has a tremendous interest in whatever is going on. We would stop occasionally at the top of a hill to look back at the landscape. After a moment, I would have the feeling of some one's eyes on me—and there would be Jeanette, peering around with the kindly look of one who is quietly enjoying another's pleasure.

I had a great-aunt who took me to the circus once.

The most annoying whip in the world wouldn't make Jeanette trot up hill. Her mother had never trotted up hill. The idea! What were things coming to now-a-days that one should trot up hill? But no matter how trying things might be, Jeanette would no more think of showing her feelings by a

snort of annoyance or surprise than she would by lying down in a puddle and kicking up her heels. I can't help thinking what a terrible, scandalized quarter-of-an-hour she must have passed with Corwin and the little poilu!

An ancient "wagonette" was procured from a farmer at the other end of town, and finally, with the aid of bits of wire and string and rope, this strange vehicle and Jeanette were somehow assembled. I think it looked more than anything else like one of Columbus's ships after a heavy storm. At last, being able to move without any parts dropping off, we started merrily on our journey. The day was fine. Messengers from the front flashed by on motorcycles at sixty miles an hour. Great O. D. limousines filled with immaculate staff officers speeded past, and up above, great tricolored birds-of-war hummed along in patrol formation.

Chaumont is on a hill. No doubt in the old days of balista and boiling oil, it was fortified with a wall. Even to-day it is only

approachable by a steep way, winding up and up around its natural rocky buttresses.

Just as Jeanette and I had come to an agreement about halting in front of the Y. M. C. A., a gray touring car rolled up from the opposite direction and stopped next to us. I climbed out of the rigging back of Jeanette and reached terra firma at the same moment that an American officer of high rank descended from the touring car. He looked at Jeanette and the sea-going craft behind her, and at me. Then he smiled—broadly—returned my salute and passed on, still smiling. Now, while I certainly wanted to be loyal to Jeanette, etc., I felt myself turning somewhat red about the ears.

However, General Pershing's smile had been kindly.

10

In the headquarters city there is activity everywhere. Belgian, French, English, and American officers, French Colonials, Canadians, East Indians, and Algerians pass in

an ever-interesting and colorful procession. In front of the Hôtel de Ville, French and American soldiers, newly arrived from the front on furlough, smoke contentedly and predict the result of the next offensive. The streets are swarming with traffic of every description. Surely, the nodding old houses have never seen such sights as these!

"Jamais," one can almost hear them whisper. "Jamais de la vie!"

Toward night, the required articles having been purchased, we started off for the Little Village. The moonlight lay white on the tranquil landscape before us as we wound down around the broad-curved road at the city's base. Looking back at its spires and buildings, tall upon the crest of the hill, there suddenly came to my mind a name which had eluded me all day. Camelot! That was it! Camelot—the city of King Arthur. And I thought of the Round Table, and of Arthur and Lancelot and Gawain, and the mighty deeds they did and the valorous blows they struck, and I knew that in the city back of

me, there were knights just as they had been, bound together by just such a brotherhood as theirs. Some would go out gayly never to come back. And I thought: "Who knows? Who shall say? Is it not better to go down fighting for these things in the white-heat of endeavor than to come back to indeterminate, self-bound lives again, and gradually forget—and forget?"

And at that moment, the moon, coming from behind a cloud, poured its silent benediction upon the white towers of the city.

11

There is a new rumor—vague but persistent—that the regiment is going to Italy. Whether it is founded in good faith on an order reposing among some General's private papers, or whether it was darkly conceived in the brain of a Kitchen Police, no one can tell. Whichever it is, it has the whole regiment by the ears! This is the sort of time when one wishes that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle were regimental intelligence officer!

Just what we are to do in Italy the gods of chance have not decided, but the whole thing seems to be complimentary rather than otherwise, for along comes a little collateral rumor which says that one officer of high rank has wagered another that we are now the most highly trained regiment in the army. The little rumor didn't say whether the wager was accepted—and I don't know how anyone would go about to prove it if it were; but at any rate it is pleasant and harmless. The men have gotten hold of it, so that at present our regimental stock is just about ninety-nine out of a possible hundred. One thing I *know*—if we go to Italy, we will be the first regiment of American troops to arrive there.

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy"—and yet we had hoped to line up alongside the French and British, and hammer away.

12

We have left the Little Village. I can't seem to make myself write about it. It was

such a pathetic little place, and so terribly at war if one took the time to find out. I know that many there felt a very deep grief at our leaving and that to them as to us the memory of our stay will always be a happy one.

II

ITALY

II

ITALY

1

IF we have left behind us the saddest, most pitiful part of noncombatant France, we are entering by way of contrast the fairest, most flourishing provinces of Italy. Here the mountains meet the plains, here rainbow lakes reflect the purple hills, here the land is a land of vineyards and sunlight and prospering cities. The platoons sit in their "side-door Pullmans" (box-cars), with their feet dangling above the flying rails and their hat-brims and hands loaded with flowers and Italian flags which have been showered on them. They are high-spirited and wonderfully care-free in the way only a child or a soldier can be, with all the naïve enthusiasm of explorers entering a new and enchant-

ing country. Their descriptions have the quaintness and wonder of a Marco Polo entering Cathay. Telling about it later, one said: "We passed through mountains which reached above the clouds! We looked, and there was snow on the mountains, but in the valleys it was like summer. Whenever a cloud struck the mountains it seemed to roll over and look like smoke, but through the glasses it looked like steam. There were people living along the sides of them, but how they could ever get up or down I don't know."

We arrived at our railroad destination, Villa Franca, in the dark. As in the other Italian cities, bands and troops turned out to welcome us, and here was the Red Cross with steaming coffee and doughnuts made by "real American women"! Spacious motor trucks carried us from Villa Franca to our billet, which seemed to be high up on the top of a wooded hill. It was very dark and there was only an impression of tall arched doorways and large, dim rooms with marble floors

The crumbling mellowness of old walls

and balustrades, and a courtyard with a formal garden stretching away down the hill.

The morning disclosed our location. From the billet (a villa which a Venetian family has turned over to the government for the use of troops) there is an uninterrupted view in all directions for thirty miles, except to the north where a slightly higher hill a mile away hides the mountains directly behind it. A double row of cypresses leads to its crest, from which eminence the white shaft of an imposing monument—probably a tomb—cuts into the blue of the sky. To the south, southeast and southwest, swinging through half the arc of the compass and as far as the eye can reach, lies a great level plateau covered with green vineyards and fields and dotted here and there with quaint villages, towns, and castles. To the northeast and northwest lie the distant mountains with their highest crests hidden in the clouds. Another double row of tall cypress trees leads from the villa down through the garden

terraces to the vineyards at the base of the hill.

As to the house itself, its type has been made familiar to everyone by the work of those modern painters who have so exquisitely portrayed the charm of the Italian villa. The formal gardens with their sun-dials and cypresses, the high stone gateways surmounted by their carved urns, the crumbling mellowness of old walls and the softness of ancient stone against the glory of the Italian sunrise—these have been faithfully conveyed to us in their rarest moods through the work of our own American painters. It is enough to say that the house of Count O—— is no exception to the rule of beauty.

Dawn

Silence. But through the silence moves a breath—
One vague, expectant quiver of the night
Stirring the sable tapestry of sky. . . .

Darkness. But in the east there's mystery,
Aye, mystery, and tremulous promises. . . .

Then—suddenly—the first flush of new dawn
Edges the night's black casque with rose-hued gold,
And the gay sun, the sun gay-glorious,
Comes striding up the causeway of the world!

Custozza, July, 1918.

2

I have visited the monument on the hill to the north. It is erected to the memory of those Italians who fell there in an unfortunate battle with their old foe, the Austrian, in 1848; and what is more, the very gentlemen are there themselves, for in the monument's vault are two thousand odd skulls—some of them very odd indeed with the bullets and pieces of shell that destroyed them hanging out of holes in their craniums by bits of string.

Looking at them I began to feel over again all those reminiscent, pleasantly cynical things that everyone feels in the pres-

ence of dusty old bones. (Even one as constitutionally gloomy as Hamlet put in quite a merry afternoon that way!) So I took a good sniff of the moldy atmosphere, remembering at the same time an old adage, "Better to be a live novice than a dead master," and settled down to ponder very profoundly on life and death, etc., when—bump! There, right in front of me was a skull labeled, "Vivandière Française"! It was smaller and more delicate than the others—the skull of this girl—and it bothered me to see it there, among all those soldiers. It didn't seem right; it didn't seem to be the place for her. War didn't seem to be the place for a woman anyway!

But then as I stood thinking of the seeming incongruity, I realized that *I* was not right either, and that as long as there is war, woman will have a very definite place in it—although no man would wish it to be the place of this brave girl in the battle front.

Her work is rather that of the billets and rest camps and hospitals. Men are mostly

boys, and that is especially true of soldiers. Here are fifty thousand—yes, a hundred thousand—soldiers who, if they had the chance, would give a year of their lives just to talk to an American woman, just to talk to her, and blurt out all their troubles, and then rise up and go into battle calm and strangely contented. I am not drawing on imagination. I know the thrill myself of talking to an American girl after months of isolation.

In the old days men would have laughed—but that time has passed. It is the time of the new army, the army that wants to "go straight." Its call has been answered a thousandfold! That, I think, is one of the fairest pages in the whole history of womankind.

3

Some one in the platoon has written, "We get pretty rough, being with men all the time."

As a matter of fact, soldiers *do* get pretty

rough. Learning to use one's muscles and one's weapons, learning to carry sixty to eighty pounds of equipment mile after mile by night or day, learning to harden the body against fatigue and pain—these things are not accomplished by any gentle effort. Of course there are relaxations.

And food, I believe, must always have been the greatest relaxation of fighting men. Raids may come and raids may go—but food goes on forever. One bad meal will eclipse the memory of twenty good ones and leave the world in dismal gloom, presided over by his Satanic Majesty, the cook, who degenerates into a mere "belly-robber" and becomes the unhappy recipient of a thousand other uncomplimentary titles. The mess sergeant too is accused of vice of every description, from midnight raids on the larder, to feeding the food for hungry, suffering soldiers to the pet goat of another company. As for the food itself, it is mere "belly-wash"!

But even good food has special names of its own. Food in general is "chow." Stew

is "slum" or "slum-gullion." Coffee is "java." Salmon—and there is a lot of it—is "gold-fish" or "sea-turkey." Corned beef is "corned willy," and canned meat of almost any variety is "bully-beef," "canned African," or "monkey meat." In barracks when the mess is ready, the cook simply makes the announcement, "Come and get it!" and there is never any doubt about what he means.

I was standing outside one of the squad tents recently when the voice of the rifleman corporal came booming out through the canvas.

"When I get back," it said, "when I get back, I'm goin' to the Waldorf-Astoria, and I'm goin' to order soup and celery and olives and all that stuff, and a steak about three inches thick, and vegetables and salad and a piece of juicy huckleberry pie; and then I'm goin' to order a can of salmon and set it on the table, and then I'm goin' to say, 'Sit there, you damn' goldfish, and watch me eat!' Will I eat? O, boy!"

And thereupon, the mere thought of "real

food" caused such a mighty chemical "kick" that noises of human throttling and flying messkits filled the air, and I moved on out of range.

Next to the matter of food, the business of death and dying furnishes an ever-enjoyable subject for the lighter moments. To die is, of course, to "bump off," or to "go West," after which one spends one's time in "growing a little garden on one's stomach," and in "pushing up the daisies."

Nolan and Dinkey, especially, are given to that moribund sort of humor. Nolan and Dinkey are the life of the first squad. Nolan is a large, blond, curly-headed Irishman with tremendous shoulders and a slight brogue. Dinkey is tall and slim with black hair and black, birdlike eyes. Somewhere—and I think it was in Boston—Dinkey has received a very liberal education. A continuous duel of words goes on between these two. They take a great delight in trying to "insult" each other. When either considers himself sufficiently "insulted," he challenges the other to

mortal combat which takes place at the first opportunity—much to the delight of the rest of the platoon. Dinkey is always rendered helpless in the powerful hands of Nolan. The other squads have their wits too, but Dinkey and Nolan have better "teamwork." During a maneuver the company was climbing a steep, rocky road under the broiling midday sun. As we approached the hill's crest a white marble guidepost at the side of the road, which had formerly marked the distance between two towns, but which now bore only the words "3 kilos," caught the eye of Dinkey.

He swept the brine out of his eyes, grinned and called over to his boon companion, "One more hill like this, my Irish lad, and you'll be lying there by the side of the road with the three Kilo boys!"

"Never mind about me," said Nolan. "I just eat up these little hills."

"Well," said Dinkey, "you just run ahead and eat up the next little hill before we get to it, will you?"

We go a little further and come to a beautiful wooded grove with a high wall in the center and a pavilion at either end.

"A summer resort," says Nolan. We pass around the end of the wall and find that it encloses an extensive cemetery.

"I *told* you it was a summer resort!" says Nolan.

"Right for once," admits Dinkey.

"That's an insult," says Nolan.

And then comes "Rest!" and we fall out by the side of the road. The platoon goes into the shade of the cypresses along the wall and the talk continues.

Says the rifleman sergeant, "I'm twenty-seven years old now, but after two more years of this war I'll be sixty-nine!" The platoon meditates in silence.

Then from another: "D'ye know, wouldn't it be tough to go up to the front after all this training and get pecked off the very first day!"

"Yeh," says Dinkey, "and after fifty years they'd put your bean in one of those marble

emporiums, with a bullet hanging out of it by a string and label you 'Head of a Red Cross Nurse,' or something."

"Or *nothing,*" corrects Nolan.

"And then," continues Dinkey, "the girl you were going to marry would come over on a little pleasure-trip with her husband and the kids, and you'd have to sit there on your shelf and grin just as though you enjoyed it."

Dinkey has nothing if not imagination!

4

A new Chaplain has come to our battalion from the French front. He is somewhat under average height and somewhat under thirty, erect though rather slight, with a serious, kindly face behind large, metal-rimmed glasses. It is a face of humility and strength and gentleness. Sometimes the chaplain writes verse, and I have prevailed upon him to give me a copy of one called "The Poet's Bread," which so well expresses the man who wrote it:

FROM A SOLDIER'S HEART

The Poet's Bread

"Morn offers him her flaskèd light
That he may slake his thirst of soul,
And for his hungry heart will Night
Her wondercloth of stars outroll.

"However fortune goes or comes,
He has his daily certain bread,
Taking the heavens' starry crumbs
And with a crust of sunset fed."

As I sat in front of my tent last night under the blue dome of the Italian sky, two figures, one of them the Chaplain, paused nearby in the darkness and I heard the voice of a young soldier rising and falling earnestly.

"I have thought it over in my mind a lot of times since the war started," said the voice, "and I can't seem to get anywhere. Why should the human race go on and on? Why should men be born and suffer and have sorrow, and then have children of their own who are born and suffer and have sorrow? What right has anyone to have children? Maybe

some of them wouldn't want to be born if they knew what they had to go through. At Château-Thierry, I saw—"

The voice trembled and stopped, and then came the quiet voice of the Chaplain. "Yes, my lad," he said, "I know. I have seen those things too."

The younger voice continued: "I asked some one about it and he said we must carry the race on because we are built in God's image. But that doesn't help very much. I've seen too many men smashed up. Why shouldn't the human race stop? Why should we go on and on?"

Sitting there in the silence I sought to find an answer in my own mind for this lad whose nerves and faith had obviously been shattered at some heavy blow. I thought of several solid, material reasons, but even as I thought of them I knew that they would not do. It must be something more, something finer than that—but what? How could one appeal to faith where there wasn't any? I sat waiting almost breathlessly, for here was

such a problem as would tax the powers of a great teacher. From the north came the intermittent thunder of big guns which seemed to challenge, "Why do you go on—and on?" Their sound died away.

At last the Chaplain's voice broke the silence. "My boy," he said, speaking very earnestly and simply, "I think it is meant for us to live into the future, so that we can go on and on—*praising God.*"

Even within the sound of the guns, he had refuted war, had denied its power. By ignoring it, he had stood forth and repudiated it in the strongest way! Praising God didn't mean "praying," but just living in his image, and carrying it on and on. If the lad had only lived through enough to understand!

Then after a moment of silence came a deep breath of relief and wonder from one of the group beyond the tent—and I knew that the soldier had caught something of the Chaplain's vision. They were both looking far above and beyond the battle.

And then I got away through the darkness as best I could, thankful for the war and the trenches and for life and death—and little children. And when I have a question of my own to answer, may the Chaplain be near at hand to answer it!

5

The battalion is going forward to the trenches. I am writing in the darkness of the train, for here trains must be dark at night. We are moving eastward, skirting the highlands of the Trentino on our way to the Piave sector, where we will take our place in the line. Off to the left along a dim ridge of mountains, sharp sparks like fireflies flash out and disappear. Occasionally there is a dull, red glow like sheet-lightning—big guns! Looking for the first time at those sullen fires, one feels elated—here at last is work. Again comes that sense of content.

6

This is from a dugout in the front-line

trenches. One calls it a dugout, but if the rain keeps on it will shortly change into a "Room and bath, *en suite*"—that is, altogether. It is raining cats, dogs, bucketfuls, sheets, solid masses of water. The Piave is rushing along at a great rate a few yards away in front of the trenches. We appreciated its speed when we went out last night to patrol the large island—"no man's island"—in front of us across the river. When we were half way over a flimsy, homemade footbridge, a great Cyclops of an Austrian searchlight turned his glaring eye on us and we stood there on our slippery plank trying to look like posts where no posts ought to be, and wondering, like Ulysses, at what moment we should be plunged into the roaring flood—which in this case is lined on both sides with barbed wire. But suddenly our Cyclops, like his ancestor, went blind, and we scrambled hastily in among the tall, wet grass of the island.

At dawn to-day, four enemy planes came roaring over us fairly crackling with animos-

ity. An enemy plane over one's head is no longer a mere combination of metal, wood and linen guided by human hands. It takes on a personality of its own, it seems to become alive. One feels as helpless as a large oyster on a flat sea-bottom, looking up at the militant bellies of four, ravenous, oyster-loving sharks whose wicked eyes are bound to spy him out! However, the quartet in question were so badly harried by those comforting little black-and-white clouds from the anti-aircraft guns that they gave it up and sailed back over their own lines.

As I was walking down a trench last night with Tony, who is interpreter for the third platoon, we came to a dugout back of the lines in the Italian sector where some soldiers were singing. It was one of those swinging old Italian folksongs which are so simple in harmony, so flowing in melody and rendered with such unconsciously perfect phrasing that they will always delight foreign ears. We stood listening awhile, and then I asked Tony what they were singing about.

"Those Italian fellow say they far away froma their home. They want to go back pretty soon. They lika to see their mothe and sist and littla brothe pretty quick I tink. They say, they vera much like to sit by side their besta girl."

Then we went a little farther down the trench, and there were some other soldiers singing—but I didn't need an interpreter this time:

"There's a long, long time of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you."

Tony's face shone with pride. "American soldier sing about besta girl too!" he said. "Italian soldier gooda soldier—he sing justa like American soldier."

"What do you think the Austrian soldiers sing about?" I asked.

"Nienti!" said Tony in a very aggrieved voice, "he dam bad soldier! He doan' sing —he only fight!"

Sh-h-h-h-Bang!! After a few weeks one gets quite used to *that!* The enemy "heavies" are at it trying to reach one of the machine-gun emplacements back of us, but they are a hundred yards off on the range. We have just had mess, and it was "slum," as usual, for that is easiest and best to serve in the trenches. It is raining a little, but it is not very cold although the mountains to the east, where the English and the Austrians are having it out, are capped with snow. It has been fairly active up there, but our Venetian plain is the logical apex for an offensive. I hope so, for I think another ten days will see the beginning of a great drive.

I feel exceedingly happy for some reason or other to-night. The platoon is fit as a fiddle. When they are called out for rather dangerous work on the wire and elsewhere, one can stand up in front of them and say, "Who is sick and wants to stay back?" And not a man will budge! And then the Platoon Sergeant has to be consulted to find out who

is really sick! How can we fail with men like that?

Christ in the Trenches

I dreamed I saw the Master—that he came
Along the F Trench to the Roman Sap
And so, by K 14, to Breda Gap.
He stood so straight—although his feet were lame—
It seemed the trench-top hardly hid his cap.

. . . . . .

"O Sir, take cover when you pass this way;
The Hun shoots well—a man must guard his head—"
And then I saw his brow was bleeding red
And in each hand a pitiful great hole—
Hardly there was a place he had not bled!

"Laddie, this cheek has felt the shame anew,
This temple, torn by every falling spire,
Is crucified afresh on no-man's wire;
Yet high my head is, for the souls of you
Rise in a new-born glory—cleansed by fire."

. . . . . .

ITALY

I dreamed I saw the Master—then I waked
Because my face was wet, as wet with dew,
And I stood up, and all the trench seemed new,
And there was something in my throat that ached—
But something in my breast beat strong and true.

On the Piave, September, 1918.

III

THE OFFENSIVE

III

THE OFFENSIVE

1

THE entire Italian army together with its Allies is smashing forward in a great offensive from Mount Grappa to the Adriatic. We have crossed the Piave after a terrific artillery preparation and are pressing northeast on the crest of the drive, now attacking, now occupying a town, now skirmishing for fifteen hours at a clip through wire and ditches and underbrush—on and on through one enemy zone of defense after another. The battle is rolling along the open country. No more trenches to bother with, no more heavy artillery, but plenty of machine guns.

If ever I wished that we might line up alongside the French and British and hammer away, that wish is granted. The Brit-

ish are directly on our left flank and the French are not far off. Indeed, yesterday, on a broad highroad, we pulled along for several kilometers with Italian lance cavalry on one side of us and an English supply train on the other. Every thought, every muscle is straining forward; and always along the road are the blackened guns and the litter of retreat and those waxen effigies of men, who are the dead.

2

A road runs between green fields. It is a few feet higher than the surrounding country and its grass-covered banks run down gently to the fields on either side. Lying head downward on one of these declines, with his face buried in the grass, is the tall figure of an Austrian soldier. His body is completely enveloped in a threadbare gray cape. Only his legs stick out of it toward the road. They are long and pathetically thin and clad in gray puttees which are clean, but frayed and old. There is nothing disarranged; even his

hands and face are hidden in the folds of the cape. The long rifle is still slung securely over his back, and one end of the cape is carefully thrown over his shoulder, as though he had prepared in a quiet and dignified manner to travel to some distant place.

One could almost see him as he was moving up the road with long, swift strides when the thing caught him from behind and he pitched forward silently into the grass.

At every rest I would see that pitiful, shabby figure, and I wondered why it should come back to my mind again and again. There had been others so much more terrible. Perhaps it was because he had died—*decently.* He had not been struck down skulking along some ditch without rifle or equipment. He had not been hit while flying terror-eyed along the road to fall down among those others in some grotesque, monkeylike position. His work being finished, he was just going straight back along the road in a decent, manly way without any of the flurry of the coward, but with his cape

fastened carefully about him and his rifle on his back, like a good soldier who has fought well. That, I think, is why one remembers him, and would say, "You, who are no longer enemy—sleep well."

3

Out of a mist of impressions rises another memory. Was it only last night—or was it a month ago?

In the darkness one sees the glare of a burning bridge—a mighty, timbered structure such as Cæsar might have built—with spots of reflected light from its four blazing spans dancing on the swift surface of the river far below. In the darkness on either side of the bridge, made darker by its glow, a sinuous, brown line comes creeping up out of the river, bayonets fixed, ominous and unreplying under a storm of bullets. Then faintly off to the right comes the voice of a machine-gun officer, calm and mellow like the call of a night watch: "Hold your fire . . . There go the doughboys"—and then the

wild, ringing cheer a' the brown line hits the bank and surges over—and on, into the darkness.

To a Dead Companion

You were a true and knightly gentleman,
And of all sinful men, I think, the best;
God knows, as gallant heart beat in your breast
As any man's since battle-time began.

So great your love was, and so clear your eye
That men in anguish blindly sought your room,
Finding no kindlier balm in Christendom,
And little maids looked up when you passed by.

You were a friend of creatures most distressed;
You were a scourge upon the battle crest,
And joyously you laughed at Death's poor frown,
And like a strong man laid your body down.

. . . . . .

God grant, when Death comes riding out for me
I may go down but half so gallantly!

Italy, November, 1918.

Armistice! The last drive is finished. It is just as though one had waked up like Epimetheus for the first time on a spring morning and were looking around in wonder at a new, young world! It is the first time in days that there has been anything in our universe but grimness and exhaustion. An armistice! It is the first time in I do not know how long, that anyone has looked at a tree or a crag or a sunset except to appraise it quickly and coldly for its exact military value.

To-day, one sees the flowers for the first time, and wonders for a moment where they have been! But the flowers have been there, and the woods and the meadows. It is not they who have been away; they have been waiting, as always, ready to give generously of beauty to anyone who would accept. Yesterday we could see no beauty anywhere. To-day, it is trembling on every leaf, glowing in every flower. The flowers and leaves have not changed. It is oneself that changes. For a moment a window is opened, a door is

unlatched—and when we look again at the same place it may be that we shall see only a blank wall. That is the pathos of beauty and the pathos of us. Now we catch a glimpse, a vision of something—and now we see nothing at all.

If our perceptions are continually changing, what standard have we by which to judge beauty? That, I think, is like the questions one reads in some people's books. It is really one of those questions not meant to be answered at all.

5

Nolan has just shown me his newest souvenir—a small rifle from a captured Austrian arsenal with the words, "Republica Mexicana" stamped on its breech. Now he is standing in front of his pup-tent, examining his trophy. Others of the platoon are lying about in the grass, enjoying the very unusual sensation of repose. Dinkey, barefooted and shirtless (his clothes have been washed and are drying), saunters up and

looks at the rifle with his head cocked on one side like some tall bird. Then, animated by a sudden idea, he mounts an empty hard tack box and grasping Nolan's hand raises it in the air like a referee naming the winner in a boxing match.

"Give me your attention, men," he says in such an official tone that they start up, and then, seeing that it is Dinkey, relax again with broad grins. "Give me your attention!"

"This gentleman gets the hand-crocheted gas-mask! He absolutely cannot be duplicated! Here you see for the first and only time in your lives something which you will never see again. Here you see an Irish soldier in an American regiment standing in the middle of Italy looking at a rifle made by Austria-Hungary for the Republic of Mexico! Boy," he added, beaming down with pride on Nolan, "they sure mobilized something when they mobilized you!"

"That ought to just about give me self-

gover'ment when I get out of the army," observes Nolan.

Dinkey raises his voice again. "The gentleman thinks he is entitled to govern himself, but he's all wrong, men, all wrong!"

"Well," says Nolan, placing a ponderous foot on the hardtack box, "and who *is* goin' to govern me then?"

"Mrs. Nolan," says Dinkey.

"That's a true insult, an' you'll pay for it with your life," says Nolan, and then the dear, joyful scrimmage begins.

One wonders how soldiers *forget* so quickly. But that is not the point. The point is—that they do forget!

6

There is a Red Cross man with the battalion whose name is Dad. He probably has another name, but no one, including himself, cares about that. He is Dad to the battalion and as such he is holding down his job. He has a Ford truck painted a handsome shade of gray to conform with the Italian army

motor service. On its sides in beautiful red letters are printed the words, "CROCI ROSSA AMERICANA." These things would almost hide the truck's identity; but Dad doesn't go in for pretensions—he simply calls the trucks "Lizzie."

Dad is tall and gray and rangey. If he were dressed that way, he would look a good deal like the fiery-eyed veteran who plays the drum in the center of that well-known picture, "The Spirit of '76." He deals mostly in "C and C" (chocolate and cigarettes) and also in very good crackers, which he often has managed to get to us when there was nothing else in the world to eat. Where the battalion goes Dad goes too. But on that last fifty-mile drive from the Piave to beyond the Tagliamento we made more trouble for Dad than we knew. This is what he says:

"After you crossed the first river I loaded Lizzie with supplies an' stepped on her an' away we went. Well, old Lizzie went along pretty well, and I thought I was ketchin' up, when I saw a lot of English soldiers comin'

down the road. I asked them whether any Americans had passed and they said yes, that you were about forty-five minutes ahead. Well, as I hadn't eaten in some time" (and you may believe that he hadn't), "I stopped Lizzie an' had some lunch. Then we started off again, an' I tell yer we *traveled!*

"Just as it was gettin' dark we came to some more English soldiers an' I asked them if they had seen you. They said yes, that you were only about forty-five minutes ahead! That seemed kind of funny, but I thought, 'Aha, I'll ketch them first thing in the mornin' '; so I crawled into my bunk and got a little sleep.

"Well, I was up at sunrise, an' we started off an' rode all day, but I never did seem to be able to ketch up with yer. Then I saw a few more English in a little shack by the road an' I stopped an' asked them if they had seen yer. An' one of them said: 'Right you are! The blighters are only forty-five minutes up the road!'

"Well, I got right out, an' I looked at

Lizzie an' I said to her, 'If they can hike like *that,* the only way for me to ketch up with them is to throw away this old bus an' put my supplies over my shoulder an' *walk!*' I guess old Lizzie must have heard me all right because she took the bit between her teeth, an' it wasn't more than half an hour before there you were, sittin' by the edge of the road —waitin' for me to come along an' feed yer!"

One time an order came through for Dad's transfer. Every man in the battalion signed a paper asking that he might stay. That's how much we think of Dad. Perhaps if you asked him, he might show you the paper.

7

The battalion is sitting along a wide Italian highway just a few miles below the Austrian border. East of us the outguards of the Julian Alps rise abruptly from the plain. Surely, they must always have been shrouded in mystery like the forbidden mountains in old folk-tales, for out of them

have poured one race of barbarians after another—Magyar and Slav and Hun—to prey upon the more peaceful dwellers of the plains. But not all of it has worked for evil. Each succeeding wave of invasion, in spite of its bitterness, has mingled somewhat with the soil, leaving there the stimulus for a hardier growth. Nor will this final *devastazione* be fruitless, for it will bring to Italy these mountain barriers which are hers by birthright. They are the very gateway of her national security. I believe it would be difficult to render unto Cæsar anything that would be of greater satisfaction to that august person.

We are waiting here, it appears, for motor trucks to carry us to Venice, a hundred miles to the south. Beyond Venice, our plans again fade out into nothingness like a fifteenth-century map of the world. Rumor has sketched a lot of quaint possibilities on the edge of our map, but the two most clearly drawn are, the Bocche di Cattaro and home! No doubt the Bocche di Cattaro has its

pleasures and even its palaces—but we know that other port. There isn't any place quite like it! There's an old song that says so, too.

8

We have passed through a day of great pity; and what makes it sadder is that we can do nothing. Everything that would be of help has been given away. To-day our trucks passed thousand after thousand of freed Italian prisoners trudging on and on in a terrible, endless procession toward the south. Broken, yellow, and consumptive, many of them with the mask of death upon their faces, they drag themselves forward through the long hours of the day and night, bent and blasted, with eyes of the dead. I have seen a dying man with tortured feet who has walked fourteen days from a prison-camp in Bohemia. I have seen a man newly come from twenty-six months in an Austrian prison who cringed when some one made a quick movement to give him a cigarette. I have seen a gray skeleton of a man munching

on a piece of bread, closely followed by another even more terrible, whose eyes sought eagerly for the crumbs dropped by the first.

Then, too, I have seen regiments of Italian troops, pathetic old fellows who ought long ago to have been discharged even from the reserve, making their way northward in a hopeless procession to guard the frontiers. The war is over, but their work is not yet done. They must go on as they have been going on, perhaps for years, moving here and there, obeying orders they do not understand the reason for, taking what very little they may of life as they go. After eight or ten years of this hopeless, soulless sort of thing any man's spirit might break. If we Americans only understood our birthright!

At last, just as it grew dark, we crossed the Tagliamento River and whirled on, swaying and jumping over the torn roads, toward the south. And still at either side of the road marched that silent, deathly legion of returning prisoners.

Stretching for several kilometers along the

Piave had been the towns of Novente and Santa Dona. I say—at the risk of criticism, I know—that there are no more pathetic war ruins in all Europe than in Italy. Just as the Italian buildings are softer in contour and line and coloring, so are their ruins more tender, more terrible—it is as though a woman had been killed. Time has garmented the outlines of Pompeii and Herculaneum, but Novente and Santa Dona and a hundred other Italian towns lie naked and silent under the sky. Even the tinkling rush of the river seems to sink into a deep, whispering sigh as it flows over the white sands close to their resting place.

IV

THE BALKANS

IV

THE BALKANS

1

THE Bocche di Cattaro wins! We are on board the transport Argentina in the harbor of Venice. The Argentina, with the entire battalion aboard, has cast off and is slowly moving down the wide Canale Della Guidecca toward the Adriatic. Not three hundred feet from the Ducal Palace lies an American battle cruiser, camouflaged with dark blue and gray and black. We pass within hailing distance and cheerful shouts of greeting rise from both vessels. A blue-jerseyed lad on the cruiser makes a trumpet of his hands and calls slowly in a fog-horned voice, "Where are you-all goin'?"

Then with that droll sense of humor which foreigners never understand, every soldier within hearing raises up his voice and lustily

shouts, "Home!" But the accompanying laugh gives it away. The sailor grins sheepishly from his rail, and as we pass out of sight, trumpets faintly, "We'll be in New York before you ever get started!"

Having seen our destination on the map, I am very much afraid he may be right!

2

We have left the Italian coast and are sailing down the Adriatic—toward the land of my favorite "ancestor." I suppose that everyone has picked out some particular century or age in the world's history in which he likes to imagine he has lived, or in which an ancestor of his has lived; or at least he has come upon a time or period with which he is in great sympathy. Certainly, there are moments when everyone has deep, vague yearnings for some ancient and yet strangely familiar time which in his own experience he has never known, a memory brought back to him perhaps by a sound or a perfume or by the human voice or by some unfamiliar view

of the mountains or the sea. And everyone has known those moments when one stops short and says incredulously to oneself, "Somewhere, some time, I have known this moment before."

Such words as "Ionian" and "Hellenic" and "Ægean" always stir up in me those vague, indescribable feelings. It is not a recent fancy, for I remember writing some stanzas a long time ago in which, with utter disregard for navigation, I calmly requested some deity or other to

> Bid the Ægean shake his crested main
> And toss on high the salt spume of the sea
> And shake the Thracian galleys once again
> For me (!)

My Greece is not the Greece of Socrates and Plato, of elenchus and disparates; it is an earlier Greece, a Greece of wooded uplands where the toga was unknown, a Greece of windy headlands with an occasional glimpse of the blue sea where delightfully illiterate shepherds, dressed in goatskins,

. . . . sprawled at ease
Chanting aloud their joyous hymns
To the wind and the trees.

I have found quite a number of agreeable people who feel the same way about Greece that I do. That is nice, because one can always pleasantly imagine that one's old-time Grecian ancestor was keeping the best of company.

3

Early to-day we sighted the Dalmatian coast rising out of the sea like a grim barrier of rock, which grew more forbidding and wild as we approached. It has a strange story, this rugged, much-desired land east of the Adriatic. Even from the earliest Hellenic time, when myth blended with history, one race after another has taken foothold on its shores only to be swept away by newer invaders.

Here Thracian traders fought with Illyrian pirates, and here the galleys of Rome brought Roman splendor and Roman jus-

tice. Here in shadowy succession rested the power of Phœnician and Goth and Turk, and in more recent days, Venice and Austria. And here republics such as Cattaro and Ragusa vied with Venice for the trade of Byzantium and the East.

The Bocche, or Bay of Cattaro, lies in a vast, palisadelike basin of rugged mountains. It has all the charm of the Italian lakes combined with a massive grandeur which even they do not know. It is divided by narrow straits into three great bays, an outer bay and two inland bays lying one behind the other. By comparison, anchoring at such harbors as Naples or Le Havre or San Francisco is almost like anchoring in the open sea. But the very mountains which give the Bocche such protection as a harbor, are its weakness as a port. The dozen towns and villages along its bays are completely shut in by inaccessible mountains except for a few steep roads and trails winding up the face of the rock.

Looking through field-glasses at one of

those roads, I counted on it twenty-eight long zigzags winding up and up before it finally disappeared in the clouds.

"Where does that road lead to?" I asked one of the ship's officers.

"That," he said, "is the road to Montenegro."

The Austrians, having occupied Dalmatia for a hundred years, long ago realized the value of the three bays of the Bocche as a naval base. Along its shores are vast Austrian works—a navy yard for cruisers and battleships, another for submarines, hydroplane bases, machine shops, great storehouses and magazines, and thirty-odd battle-cruisers, destroyers, and "what-nots" of the late Austrian navy.

The ancient town of Cattaro, from which the Bocche receives its name, lies against the mountain wall at the south end of the most inland bay. Squeezed into the few acres of ground between the blue water and the sheer cliff, the charming stone buildings of the town, with their balconies and sculpture, seem

Towns like quaint stage settings

PUBLIC LIBRARY

almost like the quaint stage setting for Viennese operetta.

As the Argentina made the dock, strains of martial music greeted us, and out of the town gate streamed the official delegation of welcome to join the crowd already on the water front. Our soldiers looked on solemnly. This was nothing like any political parade they knew anything about! The band, it is true, made the same kind of grunting noises and little trills that the Millsport Band used to make, but there the similarity ended. I even heard Dinkey, who is usually sophisticated beyond all hope, muttering under his breath, "Some bunch—some bunch—some bunch!" He was exactly right. It was!

Here were war-weary Serbs with furrowed, scarred faces and unconquerable eyes, some in their own faded brown uniforms, some in the blue of the French; here were Montenegrins in round black silk caps with scarlet, gold-embroidered tops, blue trousers, and gorgeous red vests with silver ornaments; Czechans and Slovenians of all vari-

eties, each in the picturesque dress of his native town; immaculate, gray-clad Italian officers in broadcloth capes; dingy Bosnians in red or black fezes; repatriated Jugoslavs in the *feld-grau* of the Austrian army, all wearing the tricolored ribbon of their emancipation; chunky little French sailors in red-tufted caps and horizon-blue greatcoats, and fierce-moustached Albanians with automatic pistols stuck in their green-and-blue sashes. There was the red-banded cap of a British staff officer here on a special mission, and here was a towering, broad-chested fellow from the mountains who dressed in goatskins and walked with all the majesty of the hills. With him were two slight hill-women who stood at all times directly in front of him under the protection of his mighty arm.

And here was a Chocolate-Soldier sort of guardsman, an Austrian *Schutzmann* in a neat, dark-blue uniform and a ridiculous high cap in which he "probably carried a can of bully-beef for his lunch." In all the crowd was no familiar dress except that of the

mayor's party and a few gentlewomen at the edge of the crowd.

So the band played, and the crowd "Eep-eep-oorahed!" and the officials came aboard and greeted us in the name of the new Jugo-slavia, and everything was quite pictur-esquely Balkan; and then to add to the fes-tivity of the occasion there came a high, buoyant shout from the stern of our ship, and looking around, we saw a tiny American U-boat chaser sliding toward the dock next to us. In the twinkling of an eye, three sailors sprang across the intervening six feet of water, lassoed the piles and made the boat fast with as much precision as if they had practised it on that particular dock for weeks. It was like the *finale* in a very light opera, when everyone comes in to say good night! But just at that moment I happened to look up at the blank, open windows of the town and I remembered what a young Jugo-slav on board had told me about Trieste. No one lived on the second and third floors of houses there, he said, because the people

who had lived there were dead. They hadn't moved away. They were just *dead*. Toward the end of the Austrian regime, sixty or seventy civilians and perhaps a hundred soldiers had died there every day from hunger.

No wonder, then, that the upper windows in the towns along the Austrian frontier are blank and empty.

4

When Austria realized that the end had come she turned over the considerable fleet bottled up in the Bocche to the Jugoslavs. While very agreeable to the latter, this last bequest will, of course, have to be ratified by the Allied Nations. So in order that no accidents may happen, the ships are being disarmed. Breech-blocks have been removed from the big guns, and small but important parts of the ships' engines have been carefully stored away until the fate of the fleet is decided upon. At present the company is billeted at the town of Teodo on the central

bay of the Bocche, where with French, English, and Italian sailors we are engaged in removing shells and ammunition from the cruisers and destroyers, and carrying them by lighter to the old battleship Franz Josef, which will later be towed away to some quiet spot and moored out of danger.

But in its spare moments the company has another occupation. Some one has said that the French fought for land, the British for the sea, and the Americans for souvenirs. One must admit that the American soldier does not do at all badly in gathering little trinkets of interest as he travels along—but for calm, brazen, cold-blooded souveniring every soldier takes off his hat in awe to the fighting-man of the United States navy.

A doughboy—at least a doughboy of some experience—will consider his souvenirs carefully. It is not unlikely that he may have to carry them in his pack or his pocket. Only when he is new are his souvenirs large and cumbersome. After a successful attack on the Tagliamento River, there were thirty or

more Austrian helmets in the company. During the occasional rests on the forced march toward the Austrian border, these helmets would be used by their new owners to sit on. Now an Austrian helmet weighs something over three pounds, and is no addition to one's comfort on a forced march when one is carrying a full pack and a few other trifles. On the other hand, it isn't exactly etiquette to have to abandon a souvenir, especially if one has sung its praises before all the rest of the company! So when the order to "Fall in" came, the owners of the helmets simply rose in an absent-minded manner and walked away, leaving their late souvenirs stuck in the mud like a crop of large toadstools.

After that, souvenirs in the company became smaller and more valuable—knives, medals, coins, cigarette-cases, cap-badges, and dum-dum bullets. These and similar trinkets are easily carried, and at every billet are examined and polished and traded back and forth with great gusto.

But the sailor has no such feeling for small objects. His domain is a ship—and a ship needs ballast. If he can't store his treasures in the forward hold, he can bury them somewhere aft. Size and weight are nothing. Being cooped up on board ship for days or weeks at a time gives him lots of time to think. And one of the things he thinks about, is how few souvenirs he has an opportunity to get. And another is, how many splendid souvenirs the army must be getting. These two thoughts, combined with the fresh sea air, give him such a ravenous souvenir-appetite, that when he once places his foot on dry land, a "Strengstens verboten" sign seems to read, "Sailors' Benefit." Guns, cutlasses, street-signs, iron bars, shell cases as big as umbrella racks, sabres, bricks—all these and many other ponderous matters disappear into the maw of the uncomplaining vessel. Small cannon were quite the vogue for a while, but just at present there is a feverish search going on for those small spades and pick-mattocks that the Austrian

infantrymen carried to "dig themselves in" with. It isn't quite clear just what a sailor can do with such a set of tools—but perhaps there is a garden waiting somewhere; a better garden than any other in—O well, let's not start an *argument!*

5

To-day as I stood in front of the guardhouse, a small, withered Serbian soldier with a bedraggled moustache came up to me carefully carrying something in his handkerchief. Unfolding it, he disclosed to view a German Iron Cross! Although they must be more common on the western front, it was the first that I had seen in Dalmatia, which on the whole was occupied by Austria. The black cross of iron in the center, with "W., 1914" for Wilhelm II on one side, and F. W., 1813," for Friedrich Wilhelm on the other, contrasts brilliantly with its burnished silver setting. The Serbian spoke no English and I speak no Serbian, but in spite of that we quickly got down to business. It was not, I

found, a matter of cigarettes, so presently I parted with a few kronen and received the Iron Cross in return.

By this time an interpreter had come up. It seemed that during the final Teutonic retreat, twenty thousand Germans had been captured on the Vardar River in Macedonia, the officers of the command being taken at night in a railroad station just as they were getting away. Details were meager regarding the Iron Cross. The ancient, shriveled Serbian would only say with a wicked leer that a German officer *gave* it to him.

I can see by the flare of smoky petroleum lamps, that small, ill-smelling railroad station choked with baggage and cursing, sweating men. I can see them slipping on the dark wet floor and stumbling over inert forms lying in the corners—but when I try to imagine a German officer giving his Iron Cross to that little old Serb, I must put out those smoking, flickering station-lights, because I suspect that the giving took place—in the dark.

FROM A SOLDIER'S HEART

On Finding an Iron Cross from Macedonia

Philip of Macedon, above your head
The gray wolves of the North have wheeled and fled,
Sullen with pain, down terrible paths of red.
Philip of Macedon, black is their sin,
Black as this iron toy of fool's desire,
Black as the blackened vault you crumble in—
And cruel as fire.
Philip of Macedon, their day is dead
Yet from your ashen towns and wasted lands
Rises a moan from ghastly, new-made tombs
Where the unborn Dead, in their dead mothers' wombs
Cry, and stretch out their piteous, spirit hands.

Teodo, Dalmatia, December, 1918.

6

During these busy weeks on the Bocche we have met a number of unusual people. There is M. Wimer, concertmeister to the

king of Montenegro, a musician of the old school, who asked us to hum our national anthem for him and immediately played it on the piano with excellent harmonization, although he had never heard it before; and then there is Mr. F—— (of the Glasgow, which sunk the Emden), who has been twenty-eight years in the British navy and who has the astounding naval record of never having been heard to swear! We have met Madame I——, the Levantine lady from Constantinople, who declares that between the ages of ten and fifty no woman should be for an instant without her mirror; and Commander C——, who recently avoided being stopped as a spy by turning his back on his would-be captors and sitting down to a package of lunch, which he ate in such a superbly calm manner as to allay all suspicion.

Then there have been no end of civilians with tongue-twisting names and a score of frock-coated "first citizens"—who are alike in all countries—and a kaleidoscopic proces-

sion of maidens who dance the "kolo" but not the "one-step," and a host of officers of every kind. But of all these people, Fritz Kricka is the most entertaining.

Kricka is a Bosnian, here on a military duty from Sarajevo. He is short and straight and young, with light, curly hair and a face which is both piquant and thoughtful. He is grave and quickly mischievous by turns. We often talk about the United States, in which he is greatly interested.

"Tell me," he says, "is it, then, true that in America a man is taken by the police if he makes his eye to wink at a lady?"

I explained to him that there were certain cities and certain circumstances where such might be the case, adding that while such a law was not general, American ideals insisted that no woman should be annoyed by attentions she did not wish to accept; in other words, that there should be fair play.

"Ah so!" said Kricka, "and if some one makes an eye to wink at you, do you cry for the police?"

I didn't bother to answer. Kricka's grey eyes twinkled.

"Oh, the poor men!" he said. "If a lady should make such a thing at me, I would get red all over my face, and stamp my foot and burst out with crying!" But instead he burst into such a contagious gale of laughter that I had to laugh too. There is no getting angry with him. Besides, he more than half believes that we are right.

This morning I showed him the Iron Cross, and being rather pleased with it, intimated that I thought it a rather unusual souvenir. He looked at it without much interest, remarking that it was of the second class, awarded to men and officers for valor. This did not satisfy me, so I persisted in asking in one way or another if this type had not been rather difficult to obtain as a reward.

At last he turned to me with the pained eyes of a martyr and said, "Listen and I will tell you something. I tell you *ganz bestimmt* that in Germany during the war,

the only way you could *not* receive an Iron Cross was to shoot yourself quickly through the head before any one could give it to you!"

So after that clear and unmistakable appraisal, I have relegated the Iron Cross to the obscurity in which it very properly belongs.

V

TO YOU

V

TO YOU

IN these pages I have written about a number of things, and the writing has rambled on in one way or another; but to-night (instead of having profited by that practice) I seem to be faltering—stopping.

Because to-night, after a month of waiting, your letters have come from America—letters telling how the whole country received the armistice; wonderful, tender, exulting letters, free at last from the O-so-carefully concealed heartache of the past months, letters so different from the cheery, light-hearted, *terrible* ones you used to write—when you weren't quite sure where we were. O, don't you know that we understood them *all*—and thanked you?

Instead of writing anything, I think it would be almost better to leave a blank page

here, to you who have waited and prayed for us, and to say, "This page is for Memory." And then, looking at it, one might remember the gentle things and the sacred things he had treasured—the comfort of his mother's hands upon early childish bruises, the sound of locusts in the willows on a fragrant night, the glint of sunlight on radiant hair against the blue of the sea, the sunset above Amalfi, Christmas night in a cathedral, and the simplicity of an old poem. And so, remembering the most beautiful things he knew, he would be paying a tribute to you far beyond the tribute of written words.

You have been with us through dark nights and darker days. You have marched buoyantly beside us in victory, you have watched with us on the great ships and shared our enthusiasm over new countries. You have steadied us against new dangers, and on the eve of battle, the thought of you has made gods of men, before whose unfearing gaze death has faltered and looked away.

TO YOU

And so, if in our letters to you we have said, "God bless you," think of us as looking out over those distances between, and saying again, and again, "God bless you!"

VI

REVOLUTION

VI

REVOLUTION

1

THERE is a revolution in Montenegro. Forty kilometers up through the mountain passes from Cattaro lies Cettinje, the capital. As the crow flies, the distance is only eighteen kilometers, but the Serpentine Road, twisting coil after coil up from the Bocche into the heart of the plateau, increases the actual kilometers to forty, that is, about twenty-five miles. Back of Cattaro, towering five thousand feet into the sky, is the snow-capped Lovtchen, Montenegro's formidable mountain-barrier against invasion from the coast. What is happening in that "country built on a hill" on the other side of Mount Lovtchen we can only guess. The Revolutionists hold the passes between

Cattaro and the capital and all communication has been broken.

But our own work is plainly marked out for us. In the Bocche are two newly arrived ships loaded with flour from the United States. A British staff officer from Belgrade tells us that coming through Montenegro he has seen great suffering from hunger. The flour must be gotten up into the country as quickly as possible, but before that can take place the road must be opened and the fighting stopped. So to-morrow the company will be sent up the Lovtchen to assist if possible in restoring peace.

2

This morning at seven-thirty we started up the pass from Cattaro. We did not take the Serpentine Road, but used the ancient trail which zigzags up the sheer cliff back of the town. Up we went over the roofs of Cattaro, up over the gray fortress, up and up until the three bays of the Bocche and fifty miles of the Dalmatian coast lay stretched

Storm on Mount Lovtchen

out below us like a giant relief-map. Now and then we would pass an unexpected hollow in the cliff where a few square feet of soil, washed down from the mountainside, made a little cultivation possible, and here would be a cluster of rough, stone huts, with a great man or two lounging about, and usually some soberly dressed, brown-eyed women and children just disappearing indoors in a half-Oriental manner, as we passed. In Montenegro the plumage of the male is gayer than that of his mate. The old-time fear of the Turk has left its ineradicable mark. The women, along with the thrushes and mountain-larks, still wear protective coloring.

Coming around a turn in the trail, we passed an especially villainous-looking fellow with a chest like the dome of a cathedral and knuckles that would put a gorilla to shame. The platoon looked him over in silence, and when we were well out of hearing, some one in the first squad said, "Yea boy! That bird could run me up one hill

and down another, and I admit it!" To which almost everyone silently agreed. In fact, silence was almost a necessity. Scrambling, armed to the teeth, up a slippery wall of rock into the wholesome but rarified upper air, limits the conversation considerably. Occasionally we rested, at which times Dinkey would make a few terse, comprehensive remarks on the situation.

Lines to Dinkey

A warrior sat in the roadside dust
In Montenegro where the way
Coils down through crags as red as rust
Like a gleaming serpent toward the bay
And the joyous sands where the blue
waves play—

. . . . . .

But the warrior sat in the dust—and cussed!

Once, at the Russian Ballet, I saw a dance in which the barefooted performer, after supplicating the gods to give him the required power, rose up on the very tips of his toes, and with tortured muscles and veins sticking

out along his legs, staggered across the entire width of the stage on his outraged digits! Climbing up the side of a three-thousand foot precipice with a sixty-pound pack on one's back makes one's legs *feel* just the way his *looked!* It's the pack that does it. One can't always consistently give praise for not being an ass, but certainly without pride, one may feel a quiet satisfaction in not having been born a mule—especially a pack-mule.

At last we clumped over the final crest, and a vast panorama of ash-gray mountain-tops spread out before us in a dreary endless waste of rock. But off toward the horizon, the mountains changed suddenly from the all-pervading gray with its red streaks of brush to a deep, rich ultramarine blue. And out there at the edge of things between that blue and the blue of the sky, flashed a broad, cream-white band—the snow-covered mountains of the Albanian hinterland.

Much to our surprise, on the wild-looking plateau directly before us are some huge

piles of timbers and girders for projected Austrian engineering work and some large magazines, full of ammunition and supplies. There are also a number of excellent slate-roofed barracks, and as there is a bitter wind blowing, we occupy them at once. It is plain that whoever made these buildings intended them for the permanent and exclusive use of his own military family. That makes it quite pleasant for merely transient guests like ourselves. The barracks all have double glass at the windows!

3

The Company Commander, who went forward by automobile earlier in the day toward the capital, has just returned—with machine-gun bullets through the mud-guards and top of his car. After being passed through the Revolutionist lines unmolested, the car was moving down the pass toward the capital, when two Montenegrin women ran out of a little house at a turn of the road where the firing was heaviest, and begged

with tears in their eyes that the *Americanski* should not go any further. A running fight was taking place among the rocks just below the house and the gray figures of the Revolutionists clambering up to the road made sufficient target for the Federal party from the capital to add the weight of artillery and machine-guns to their rifle fire. A number of the Revolutionists, taking cover back of the little house, made the situation somewhat embarrassing for the Americans, who had come, not to be associated with either side, but in the interest of peace. A white flag was requested. There did not seem to be any white cloth in the house, but one of the women disappeared for a moment and returned with a strip of white material evidently torn from her own petticoat. This was fastened to a stick and taken to the edge of the cliff where it was waved in sight of the Federal party.

But a white flag in the Balkans does not seem to be especially potent as a peace token, for its appearance was greeted with a great

burst of fire from below, and the bullets cracked against the house and through the thatched roof, and shells from the captured Austrian mortars which the Federalists were using, whined unpleasantly up the pass. The flag was withdrawn, but on its being shown a second and again a third time, the firing gradually decreased. So the motor was started, and the car traveled down the further side of the pass into the capital under the somewhat uncertain protection of the fluttering petticoat.

After considerable effort, a meeting was arranged for between the opposing sides, but just before the appointed time some great child of the mountains fired off his rifle, and the fight was on again.

4

The company has advanced to the town of Niegosh. ("Bocche die Cattaro," says Dinkey, "sounds like Italian for 'a cold in the head, but this place 'Niegosh'—why, you can't even *sneeze* it!")

Here the whole plateau is a labyrinth of gray stone. Go fifty yards off of the main road, and you find yourself in constant danger of breaking leg or neck in a maze of grotesquely shaped rocks. It is as though an ocean with a tremendous sea running had suddenly turned to stone, and then been jarred and shaken to pieces, still keeping something of its original formation. Every little while one comes to a rough, craterlike hole in the rock (usually quite indiscernible five yards away), where a little soil has collected. These are the "fields" of the Montenegrin farmer.

Climbing up the rocks in the vicinity of Niegosh, I found myself breathless at the top of one of these little craters. Only fifteen minutes of the most strenuous climbing would bring one to the nearest stone hut, and yet here, in a few square feet of carefully spaded soil, three small potato plants were growing! It is well that the lords of such an unproductive soil think more of their honor than they do of their stomachs.

5

Yesterday through the glasses we could see the Revolutionists high up among the peaks and ridges, guarding all the entrances to the plateau. But in spite of determined resistance, the Federalists are advancing toward Niegosh. All day there has been a great deal of rifle fire, punctuated by the boom of cannon from the direction of the capital, and the rattle of machine-guns from the hills. The people of Niegosh, most of whom favor the Revolutionists, are badly frightened, and we have posted part of the company in the outlying villages to prevent outrage in case of attack. The firing is getting nearer and nearer.

6

I am writing on a munition-box in an improvised guardhouse near the Austrian barracks. Just outside the door are two hundred and fifty gaunt, hungry mountain men. They have come to us on the strength of our offer of protection if they would give up

their arms. However—probably out of fear of treachery—they now refuse to part with their weapons—which complicates matters considerably. One doesn't lightly assume the responsibility for protecting two hundred and fifty Montenegrin Revolutionists, armed to the teeth. There is too much danger of spontaneous combustion.

Still, in order to live up to our part of the agreement, safe-conducts for each of them are being written out—to be given out only when the weapons are turned over. If they absolutely refuse to disarm, there is only one alternative which will not cost human life—they must be gotten down the pass to Cattaro. The only trouble is that Montenegrins *like* to fight.

The entire party is heavily armed. They carry their ammunition in machine-gun belts, slung picturesquely over the shoulders. Many of them are wearing their richest costumes—jackets and waistcoats heavy with gold and silver ornaments, blue trousers cut like a Turk's, and round black caps with

red tops embroidered with gold. Some of the old chiefs are among them—proud old fellows with flashing eyes and erect carriage, who have all the magnetism of tribal leaders combined with great strength and the power to endure tremendously. There is a woman fighting with them, a tall, silent hill-girl wearing men's clothing. Probably some one has told the poor girl the story of Joan of Arc.

7

As I wrote the last sentence, an English-speaking Montenegrin came into the guard-house, pale and a little breathless and said, "Those other fellow come after us down the hill. We want to know, we kill them—or what?"

The Revolutionists had seized their guns and were looking up into the hills. A slight fog was rolling down the pass, but easily discernible and coming swiftly down over the rocks in rude skirmish line were several hundred Montenegrins of the opposing party.

Going forward, we succeeded in halting the oncoming line two hundred yards from the Revolutionists. Their leaders came out to meet us.

"Who are you," we asked, "and what do you want?"

"We are a battalion of the Montenegrin army, and we want to know whether those traitors will fight, or lay down their arms and surrender."

We assured them that the Revolutionists had not eaten or slept for several days, and that as for fighting—

And then, just at that rather critical moment, a volley of rifle fire broke out along the hillside above us. Looking up, we saw another newly arrived line of Federalists, arranged behind some rocks merrily popping away at the landscape in our direction. And there were our Revolutionists, all cocked and primed and ready to start in for another afternoon's sport!

Fortunately, this little error in orders came to nothing, and the Federal leader

quite willingly consented to move his band up the hill a way until we had finished dealing with the rebels.

With that very effective argument in the shape of the Federal army sitting above them on the hill, the Revolutionists were finally persuaded that instead of dying on the bleak mountainside, there was another more valuable way in which they could serve their country!

Three hours away down the pass lay Cattaro. At Cattaro was an American foodship carrying flour for Montenegro. It would take about two hundred and fifty men to unload that flour, and when those men had turned over their arms and ammunition, they would be given protection, food and lodging—as long as they worked. During the unloading, their chiefs might, if they wished, confer with the chief of the Allied forces in Cattaro. *Did they know that Niegosh was in the hands of the Federalists?*

The matter was settled. The Revolutionists were formed in column on the road—

out of sight of the other party—and were again assured that they would be in no danger and that they would be helping their country by unloading the flour. Then with a small American guard at the head and rear of the column, they went singing down the pass.

We returned to the Federalists who were also singing a glad pæan from their hillside. They had won the day.

And the Revolutionists had won food and security.

And as for the company—well, for one thing, the road between Cattaro and the capital was open, and that was something. And to have prevented these poor people from shooting each other—that was something more. But those things are all in the day's work—in Montenegro.

VII

MONTENEGRO

VII

MONTENEGRO

1

THE sun is shining brightly enough on the Montenegrin capital, but just beneath the surface of things more trouble is bubbling than any of the Weird Sisters ever brewed. What with an ex-king in Paris, busily trying to be reinstated, a populace clamoring for bread, a capital full of disgruntled ex-ministers and ex-generals, a revolution of peasants who want a "republic," almost without knowing what the word means, and several foreign elements grubbing about trying to pick up a little territory, the "National Committee" in charge of the government since the Austrian evacuation has not spent its time lolling in any bower of roses. The hopes of the National Commit-

tee are directed neither toward a kingdom nor a premature republic, but toward a federation of all the Jugoslavic nations, which would make Montenegro a state in the new Jugoslavia.

As soldiers of a nation which has no ax to grind, we receive the confidences of everyone, confidences which we are careful not to abuse. We have dined with the French and the Serbs and the National Committee, and with M. Radovitch, ex-premier and probably the most powerful man in Montenegro to-day. We have seen that surprising bit of paper which Major G—— of the 137th Italian Infantry gave to the Montenegrins; we know what Alex Devine thinks of M. Radovitch, and we know what M. Radovitch thinks of the king. We know where the brother of the queen stands, and we know what nation helped and provisioned the Revolutionists. Knowing these things—and other things—it is interesting to speculate as to what will happen next.

The capital, which lies on a high, moun-

tain-rimmed plateau, consists of a wide main street lined with stone houses, and three or four side streets on one of which is the royal palace. Handsomer than the palace are the foreign embassies, especially that of Austria, who kept a bulldog watch, night and day, to see that no one should annex Montenegro—but herself!

Any afternoon in the week one may see the main street filled with tall, brown-haired men of splendid physique, dressed in a variety of glittering costumes, with pistols in their girdles, promenading slowly up and down, engaged in serious, dignified conversation. Only an occasional flashing look or a disdainful gesture after a member of an opposing faction has passed, shows that there is trouble abroad. The ex-ministers and ex-generals in rusty frock coats mutter disconsolately to each other that it is a pleasant day, and the young bloods who favor the Jugoslavic federation, pause in front of the royal palace with hand on weapons and assure each other in no uncertain tone that "a king who forsook

them" (for such-and-such a reason) "will never come back—alive!"

There is a delightful directness about such a life. One gets right to the point, even if it does involve a little shooting.

It is very much like a letter recently received from my youngest brother. It said: "My birthday will be in 9 days more. I expect to hear from you soon."

The Montenegrin character is simple and primitive as the hills. The National Committee sent an interpreter to us, Alexandrovitch by name, who speaks excellent English.

"There was a man," he said, among the Revolutionists called Milovitch. "During the fighting a week ago I came upon him in a little gulley and we fired a number of shots at each other. Last night, I met him outside the café at Niegosh. He said to me, 'Dobra dan (good day), Alex, I didn't kill you, did I?' 'No,' I said, 'but it wasn't your fault!' 'Well,' he said to me, 'let's go in and have a drink.' So I went in and had a drink with him."

"And are you good friends now?" I asked the interpreter.

"You bet we are!" he said, quaintly.

But Montenegrins as a rule shoot better than Alexandrovitch and his new friend. The hospitals are full of men wounded in the Revolution who are dying daily from gangrene and infection because of insufficient medical supplies. The funerals of those who die during the night are held the following afternoon. To-day at the funeral services, which took place outside of one of the hospitals, there was such a noise of workmen pounding on new tin coffins in a little building a few feet away that the priest's chant was entirely drowned. Things like that don't seem to matter very much. Montenegro is tired.

To-day an execution took place. A deputy sheriff who had allowed twenty prisoners to escape during the Revolution and had fled with them to the hills was captured last night. This morning he was walked through the town by a firing squad, taken

back of a hill, where a shallow grave was dug, placed at the edge of the grave and shot so that his body fell forward into it.

There was an elm in the square before the palace where, in the old days, the royal decrees were read. Now the elm is gone, and the soldiers who died defending the capital from the Revolutionists will be buried where it stood.

Montenegro's troubles are not of her own making. Internal difficulties that have come upon the country are no reflection on the character of her people. They come as the result of a bitter, prostrating bondage—the first in five hundred years of heroic endeavor. Whatever his present status, one must feel respect for a king who, on being asked whether he would espouse the cause of his allies, sent the answer, "My Montenegrins and myself are already on the frontiers, ready to die in defense of our national independence."

Once, long ago, three hundred men dying for their country in a Grecian pass, won a

lasting fame. But here, steadily fighting the enemies of Christianity for five centuries, the Montenegrins have been quietly and gloriously laying down their lives in a hundred unknown Thermopylæs. To Montenegro, the least among nations, has fallen the task of guarding the boundaries of Christendom—and she has kept the faith.

2

Yesterday came the sudden order, "All American fighting troops will be withdrawn at once from Montenegro," so after nine hours of continuous hiking over rocky trails, we have arrived at our old billet at Teodo on the Bocche di Cattaro—a distance of twenty-seven miles. Starting at Cettinje, which is two thousand feet in altitude, we made our way up through passes now covered with snow to the highest point at four thousand feet, and then all the way down again to sea level. That last four-thousand-foot drop did something strange to the tendons in the back of everybody's legs, and the whole com-

pany came walking in through the mists in a most amusing way, bent-kneed and round-shouldered like a tribe of prehistoric men who had not quite learned how to stand up straight.

Upon leaving the Austrian barracks at the top of the pass above the Bocche, we followed the Serpentine Road, which made the "going" better, but it grew very cold, and the rain that had been falling turned to sleet and we were swallowed in a great cloud that swirled up from the bay like the smoke of some ghostly volcano. Half way down the Serpentine several automobiles passed us on their way up to Cettinje, one carrying General Franchet-d'Esperey, commander-in-chief of Allied forces in the Balkans, who in 1914 had made a famous frontal attack at Château-Thierry—where another attack took place in 1918.

We saw the General's car three or four zigzags below us on the road, and by the time he reached us, the company was walking at a rigid "attention" in his honor. The strange

apparition of sleet-covered American youths marching out of the Montenegrin hills with the tread of Hannibal's veterans evidently amused the General, for a smile flickered over his face.

Seeing him smile made me think of the horse, "Jeanette." Generals of the highest rank seem to be quite good-natured. That makes *two* who have smiled.

3

During the weeks since we have come back from Montenegro, we have been hearing a very great deal about a certain ship, the Leopolis. Just where it is, no one is prepared to say, but it has been emphasized that there *is* such a ship, and that it will carry the battalion from Dalmatia to Italy—which is a mighty step toward home. Just across the bay there is a little neck of land around which all ships from the Adriatic must come, and this is closely scanned at all hours for signs of the Leopolis. There is a great commotion whenever a strange boat comes into

view, but it always turns out to be a cruiser or a destroyer or a mine trawler.

Early this morning we heard deep and heartfelt cheers—and thought at once of the Leopolis, but on looking out of the window, we saw a motor truck in the court piled high with large, comfortable-looking blue denim bags, each clearly marked with a plain, white number. The barrack bags! Since the final Italian drive, three months ago, the company practically has been living in the clothes it has carried on its back. In many a wistful, flea-bitten moment, thoughts have traveled back to those goodly, clothes-filled barrack bags stored in Italy, and many a plaintive cry has gone up, "When do we get our barrack bags?"—a question best answered by that familiar old refrain, "It may be for years, and it may be forever"—which isn't much consolation either for Kathleen Mavourneen, longing for her lover, or Private John Sippola, U. S. A., hoping for his barrack bag.

So the coming of the barrack bags has been

celebrated by an impromptu vaudeville show —a performance which brought with it some of the delicious thrills one used to feel in circus days when the smiling blonde lady in spangled tights swung hanging by her heels to the very top of the tent. How much more terrific are such "feats of life and death" when staged without a rehearsal!

Everything had gone "as arranged" when the final act of the evening was announced. In cryptic silence, two chairs were placed on the center of the stage with their backs toward each other and about five feet apart. One, Red Harris, hypnotized by Doc Hatfield to a rigid and unconscious condition, was placed across the backs of the two chairs supported by his feet and neck. But here the "hypnotist" made a grievous mistake, for Red's shoulders, not his neck, should have rested on the chair's back. Red realized the peril, but being in a "trance," he hardly liked to offer any suggestions relative to his somewhat delicate position, so he lay aloft across his chairs with the cold sweat breaking out

on his brow, hoping for the best. Now came the test. Nolan, that broad and massive soldier, mounting a chair at the side of the subject, planted a large, hob-nailed foot on the center of Red, and gingerly tried out his weight as one tries out a shaky bridge. Red held like a rock! Then Nolan—very slowly and cautiously—shifted his weight to the foot on Red, drawing up his other foot from the box, stood with folded arms high aloft on his human pedestal. The effect was tremendous! It was as though the Colossus of Rhodes had mounted the Brooklyn Bridge!

But suddenly there came a quiver—a quiver that grew into a quake! For three terrible seconds, Red held—quaking. Neither Horatius nor Frank Gotch ever held a bridge like that! Then the end came. With a heart-rending grunt, Red doubled up like a jackknife and went down amid thunderous applause, with a large, bewildered-looking soldier standing upright on his geographical middle.

The curtain fairly flew to cover the

tragedy. I have never seen a more embarrassed-looking curtain hurrying to hide a disaster on any stage. But the actors immediately came out and bowed very coolly and serenely as though the climax had been quite intentional, and the audience, understanding everything, roared with great glee and called them back time after time.

Certainly, few barrack bags have been honored by such a reception.

VIII

RECALL

VIII

RECALL

1

THE Leopolis at last! She came right in on us unannounced yesterday afternoon, hiding behind the smoke of an Italian cruiser. No one noticed her at all until she was well down the bay toward Cattaro, where the embarking will take place.

Reveille at three thirty this morning never sounded sweeter. An hour later we turned the Teodo billet over to the Serbians, loaded the company on a tug which the Jugoslavs had furnished, and steamed off to Cattaro, where we loaded at once on the Leopolis.

In spite of the earliness of the hour, a sizable crowd was on the dock to see us off. The same strange costumes were there and the same picturesque uniforms, but the droll,

operatic impression that we felt so strongly at our first glimpse was gone. Here are people just as kindly and as human as the Dubois or the Legros or the Bidons of our Little Village in France.

Like *Pagliacci,* their comedy is a tragedy, which, in spite of words, is not ended. Blood has flowed too long and too hard in the Balkans to be stopped by any sudden treaty. We must be patient. Such wounds heal slowly.

2

The boot of Italy is well shod. Last night we passed the heel with its tall spur of a lighthouse and its brown rim of coast, studded with bright rows of little lights from small Italian villages, which show that it is in no danger of falling off, in spite of the constant pounding of the Adriatic.

And now we have come through the Strait of Messina, that narrow strip of sea between the flourishing towns on Italy's toe and the Sicilian coast, where in the time of legend, a

current on one side and a rock on the other, personified into those savage monsters Scylla and Charybdis, took a gruesome toll of every passing ship.

"Poor old beasts," I thought, as we left the Strait behind, "your myth is all played out. What with compass and sextant and wireless, no modern mariner ever gives you a thought." At that moment, a French troop ship coming toward us, sent up her signal flags.

"What are they signaling?" I inquired of a ship's officer.

"It is nothing," he said with a shrug; "they are just a little anxious. They are asking us if everything is all right in the Strait."

Scylla and Charybdis!

At sunrise, we came into the bay of Genoa. I had seen the city once before, but never from the sea. Here it lay like a shimmering, translucent opal set in gray mists with the dawn firing its highest towers. O, *anything* would look splendid. We're on the way home!

The Leopolis made its way through a maze of shipping into the teeming harbor, bellowing hoarsely at the larger vessels, but not deigning even to notice the little fruit venders, who skittered out from under her prow like water-bugs, and whose frantic efforts were always rewarded by their just getting away to safety with their oranges and their lives.

Our billet, called the Scuola Mazzini, holds the entire battalion. Here there is a clean, new mattress for every man, the first billet in Europe where there have been mattresses at all. It is well that the return to "civilization" of a soldier after a campaign is usually very gradual. Else one would hardly survive the shock of too much ease coming all at one time. But there is not any need for worrying yet about too much ease. Policing and drill are always with us, especially policing. Still one can always agreeably reflect that it is easier to scrub the roof of the Scuola Mazzini than the dome of the Taj Mahal—and besides, we are going home.

3

Blue, deep blue! Azure, indigo and—since it is caused by Prussia—Prussian blue! The regiment is submerged in gloom—

Our "final" transport was in the harbor. Everything was ready. The ship was loaded with baggage and supplies. We had even folded our tents, etc., in the proper arabesque manner and were preparing to silently steal away, when an order came from General Headquarters. "Hold the regiment *indefinitely,*" it said. So the transport was unloaded—and has sailed away.

O, the pregnant silence with which the company greeted that knock-out word "indefinitely!"

"If the damn' baggage only hadn't been loaded, it wouldn't give you such a pain," said Dinkey.

"I feel," said Nolan, "so low that I'd have to get on a step-ladder to kiss a cattypillar's foot!"

But that sort of thing doesn't last long.

The barometer, having hit the bottom, immediately starts to rise. Already there is a story going about which shows that the weather is clearing:

It is the year 1940. General Pershing is sitting in his library looking over a History of the Great War with his little grandson, who is slowly turning the pages and asking such questions as any little fellow would ask.

"Grandpa," he asks at last, "what became of the American regiment that was sent to Italy?"

The General springs to his feet. "Great heavens, child, I'm glad you reminded me of that! They must be still in Italy!"

The company decided to accept the urgent request of its friends and give its vaudeville show at the Teatro Nazionale in Genoa. Costumes were bought and scenery painted. The regimental band was requisitioned to furnish the music, and the show itself, through many conscientious rehearsals, was cut and polished into a perfect vehicle for dramatic talent. And then—on the very

The transport sailed away

day before the first performance—the band leader said, "We won't be able to play for you to-morrow. We have just received orders *to pack our instruments at once!*"

Five minutes later, our own orders came. Bang! The company show dropped out of sight like a plummet! No one minded in the least. At last, we *were* going home!

3

The transport has stopped just long enough at Marseilles to pick up some casual soldiers who are returning home, and some nurses from the base hospitals back of Arras and the Argonne, a little tired and worn-looking after their magnificent service on the western front. (If you want to know what the army thinks of its nurses, ask any man in the A. E. F. He'll tell you!)

The casuals are wearing the insignia of their different divisions, which are very interesting to those of us who have seen only the golden "Lion of Saint Mark" which we wear on the left shoulder for service in Italy.

The spirits of the company soar on the wings of the morning!

"Yea *boy!*" says some one, "we'll get to Gib to-morrow!"

Gib? Gib? And then one realizes that "Gib" is short for—Gibraltar! Who, I wonder, has ever called that venerable guardian of the Mediterranean by such a chummy nickname as "Gib"? It is almost like calling one's great-grandfather "Bill."

4

And now we have arrived at "Gib" itself, a great, gray, verdure-spotted rock crouching in the sea, with life on its slopes and death in its caverns, and the black noses of the *old* guns sticking out of obvious holes in the face of the rock, and the noses of the *new* guns not sticking out at all. I was out on deck to-night looking at the many lights sparking against the black shape of the Rock, when I noticed a head nurse who had talked with me during the day, standing beside me—a woman with gray hair rippling

back evenly from her forehead, and calm, dark eyes—just such a nurse as one would choose to bring one through a long and bitter sickness. We talked about the Rock and the ship and the voyage, and then I asked her if she had seen service.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen service," and she held out her right hand. The index finger was gone, but it was so skillfully done that its absence was hardly noticeable. Some surgeon had done his finest work.

"Tell me about it," I asked her; and she told me.

It was a case of gas-gangrene, that terrible by-product of gas poisoning which will turn a limb coal black over night. There had been a shortage of medical material. The drive at Arras had used up far more bandages than anyone had expected, and it was necessary to wash them out and use them over again. "I had never asked any of my nurses to wash out an old dressing," she said, "and yet there was the order. So I washed them out myself. Evidently, there was a tiny cut in

my finger. Three days later, in spite of every effort, my arm was badly swollen and the finger was black as ink and split its entire length. The Major operated.

"When I came out of the anesthetic and saw that my hand was still there, I was so happy that I'm afraid I cried. A nurse wouldn't be much good without her right hand! But you would hardly have recognized it as a hand while it was being dressed. There were seven drain-tubes in it! Here is where it took longest to heal—because a tube went right through."

In the center of the palm was a deep, newly healed hollow, as regular as though it was the mark of a nail. A beautiful thought came into my mind. The mark of a nail! To have the mark of one's own sacrifice—like that!

"He showed them his hands . . . "

"If I ever write about some of the things that have happened, I should like to tell about your experience," I said.

She shook her head and smiled.

"At least," I said, "I will write it in my notebook." And so I have.

5

"I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals old and young."

To-day, in the ship's library, I came across that familiar sonnet by Mrs. Browning.

"To bear a gift for mortals old and young"! What strange, irreconcilable gifts the last two years have brought! One would hardly call the years that brought them "dear and wished-for," and yet there have been gifts—such gifts as years of peace could never bring. What have the war-years given? Hate and bitterness and regret? Yes, but why put these things down on paper, which, fragile as it is, will long outlast their potency?

Rather let us remember those other things.

Let those who have had the part of action remember how they who waited have kept alight the fires of courage and loyalty and sacrifice at home. We shall never know the countless places where they have glowed, we cannot grasp the rugged or tender or childish hands which have tended them. We only know that their flames, flashing together as one, have shined to our farthest horizons, and lit the way for us.

The adventure is nearly ended. We are too close to see clearly—one must stand off a few years, and look back. But we know that the melody of life has been heard for a while with a new and unforgetable harmony, full of strength and beauty.

6

Once more, a ship is coming into a harbor. The coast on either side of the channel is low and misty, and a myriad of little, welcoming lights are shining out along the shores. The decks are lined with soldiers looking intently toward the strip of narrow water ahead.

RECALL

"Where's the 'Old Girl'?" they say, straining eager, expectant eyes through the dusk. "Where's the 'Old Girl'?"

Who is it they so fondly call the "Old Girl"? Why, it is the great goddess standing there over the harbor, the first to welcome them just as she was the last to bid them good-by.

The ship has come to anchor; overhead the stars are shining. And now in a moment "taps" will sound, and we will turn in to dream happy, golden dreams, until the happy, golden dawn of—To-morrow.

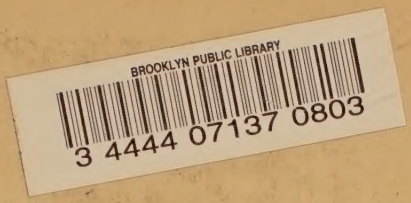
940.9 S7412

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

This Book may be kept 14 days from the last date stamped below.
A fine of 2 CENTS will be charged for each day the Book is kept beyond that time.

5 F '20 G		
11 F '20		
16 F '20 G		
26 Fe 20		
7 Ap '20		
5 D '22		
22 Fe '37		
16 Ag '38		

Form No. Ds. Nf. 125M-11-17-S. & C.



Brooklyn Public Library

Montague Branch

187 Montague St.
Tel. 2773 Main

Open 8.30 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Sundays and Holidays,
2 to 6 P. M.

Regulations

Any inhabitant of New York may take books from the Library. Books not in general demand may be loaned for 30 days. The time for which other books may be loaned may be limited, at the discretion of the Librarian, to 3, 7 or 14 days according to the demand. The length of time for which a book is issued is clearly indicated on the dating slip.

Any book, except those designated "three" or "seven-day books," current numbers of magazines and books which have been reserved for another borrower, may be renewed for the same length of time as that for which it was originally issued.

When renewing book by mail or telephone give title, number, and date charged.

Each book kept overtime is subject to a fine of two cents a day until its return; if retained two weeks overtime it will be sent for at the borrower's expense.

Books should be examined for mutilations, etc., at the time of borrowing, as the last borrower must be held responsible.

Form Bp.-15000-11-17 E.